



How many rapists does it take to screw in a light bulb?
Only one, but they prefer soda bottles.

"If you beg and plead with me, maybe I'll let you live," said the rapist to his victim as he sodomized her at knifepoint.

"You call this living?" asked the woman.

"What on earth happened to you?" shrieked the mother to her sobbing daughter as the little girl ran bleeding into their house.

"Mommy, a man raped me!" the girl cried.

"He punched me in the face, stuck his finger in my bottom, and he raped me! He did it at least three times, because I passed out after the third. When I woke up, he was gone. He took my purse and bus pass, too!"

"That's terrible!" said the girl's mother. "That bus pass was good until next week!"

"You pig!" screamed the rape victim at her assailant as her dry vagina was being forcibly violated. "You slime! You scum! You loser! You bastard!"

"Jesus Christ!" shouted the rapist, "somebody's hostile, isn't she?"

"Please don't hurt me!" begged the frightened woman as the rapist cornered her in an alley.

"I just lost my job, I recently had a miscarriage, and last night some thieves broke into my apartment and stole everything!"

"Just because you had a bad week," countered the rapist, "should I suffer?"

"You have a choice," said the rapist to his prey, "I can rape you or I can kill you."

"How big is your dick?" she asked him.

"Three inches."

"Kill me."

"What horrible thing," wailed the rape victim to her rapist while being ravaged, "could have happened to you in your childhood to make you such a monster?"

"Oh—it's not good enough that I fuck you," replied the rapist, "I gotta tell you my life's story, too?"

"For a priest to rape little boys," Father Duffy intoned, "is a sin worse than murder."

"I wouldn't know," Father McGonigle replied, "I've never murdered anyone."

**THERE'S
NOTHING
FUNNY
ABOUT RAPE**





"Do you smoke
after raping
someone?"
"No, but I sizzle a
little."

Nuns who've been raped
should go out on the
town and celibate!



During the third hour of a frat-party
gang rape, the latest pledge to have his way
with a sorority girl became slightly concerned
when his victim, her eyes blackened and her
face coated with beery vomit and sperm,
appeared to be losing consciousness.
Nevertheless, he kept fucking her. "Are you
alright?" he gently inquired while plowing
her shredded gash. "I mean, I'm the twelfth
guy you've had tonight."

"Actually, you're the thirteenth," muttered the girl
as she wove her way back toward the crest of
awareness, "but who's counting?"

How can a blind woman
identify her rapist?
Guess she'll have to fuck
him again, won't she?



Name one good thing about rape.
Just one?

"Waiter, what's this rapist
doing in my soup?"

"Looks like your wife."

If there's nothing funny about rape, why do women
get hysterical over it?



What do you say when you find out
that the person who's raping you
is a millionaire?
FASTER! FASTER!

What do you call a rape victim who refuses
to press charges?
A good sport.

What smells like hell, has two legs, and flies?
A homeless rapist.



"I'm going to fuck you blind," said the rapist
to his victim.
"Well, at least I won't have to look at you,"
came the brave woman's snappy retort.

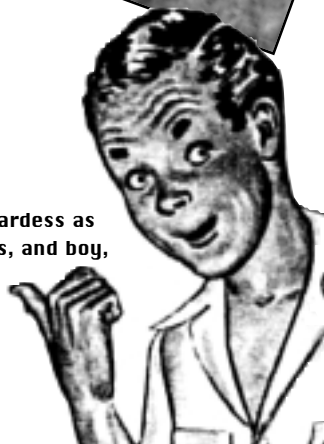
Being raped is a fate worse than death. I should know—
I was raped.
So why don't you kill yourself?



"Call me daddy," said the rapist to his victim.
"I don't think so," she replied. "Daddy's dick was bigger."

There was a young rapist from Philly/
Who'd rape this old lady named Millie/
When he schtupped her again/
She shivered within/
And said, "At least shut the door,
'cause it's chilly."

I just raped a stewardess as
I flew in from Vegas, and boy,
is my dick tired!



A woman is raped every forty-five seconds in
this country.
Sheesh—doesn't she ever catch a break?